

## WILLIAM ANDERSON RUSSELL

"Mom called him Will. Aunt Nettie and Aunt Jennie called him Willie. Alice Rashleigh called him Bill--many people did" (HLRP, 10-20-1977). For me, of course, he is Grandpa Russell. One would think that my initial memory of the man would be outside, on his farm, caring for horses or cows or crops. But not at all. My first recollection of the man is sitting on the front edge of his chair at the Homestead (green upholstered chair, situated in the room at the Homestead that is at present the Club Room, the chair facing the front hall, the chair located about five feet from the door to the kitchen). The back two-thirds of the cushion was, in effect, never sat on by WAR. Next to the chair was a small square two-tiered table on top of which was a smoking set in silver (recently re-silvered by HLRP) that was given to WAR by a Miss Mang, I believe. In that chair WAR would sit for hours on end. He must have read The Wayne Independent and the Farm Journal sitting in that chair. There was also a good footstool that went with the chair. Both are presently in the red barn on the hill. Another very clear early memory of WAR is related to motor vehicles. WAR and his love of going to auction sales. We would frequently go with him to Nicholson to the sales there. What an adventure. As I look at it now, my state of excitement in going to the Nicholson sales with WAR (also with WSP) was not unlike the excited feeling that Emma Bovary had on going to the Comices Agricoles: a world of surprises and excitement where the unexpected was to be expected, a never-never land. We would spend hours in the gallery overlooking the vegetable/chicken/rabbit auction area. It was frightening in many ways and very comfortable in many ways. The speed with which the auctioneer spoke, the savoir faire of the bidders, the astounding pile of items for sale: they were all beyond belief. The large livestock auction room was in another part of the building: cows, bulls, horses, sheep, or other large animals would be herded into the arena and quickly sold. The gallery in the livestock area was very inviting. One could move about from one side to another and get closer or farther away at will. I wonder if the fruit/vegetable/small livestock auction took place before the larger livestock auction? I remember walking around the stalls where the larger animals were held before their entrance into the arena: frequently the bulls would kick the backs of their stalls, and that was very exciting: the bulls could vent their spleens, if you please, and the spectator could get very close and yet not get hurt. What could be better. To this day, I am still extremely fond of auctions. Going to and coming from the auctions we would ride in the back of WAR's truck. Was it the Brockway? Was it a pick-up truck? I remember riding in the black car that belonged to the Russell Homestead. It seems that at one time the window on the passenger side in the front was broken and we had to take turns holding up a piece of cardboard: WAR was the driver. "Pop was a good driver" (HLRP, 10-20-1977, en route to Waymart where HLRP had an appointment with Dr. Kenneth A. Phillips, an optometrist). In his later years WAR was not the safest of drivers, and we (JRP, DWP, RTP and I) were forbidden to ride with him. At the Nicholson sales, WAR knew everyone and everyone knew WAR. How clearly I recall WAR in the horse barn. The large sleigh was just inside the door on the left and at the end of the sleigh was the watering trough and above the trough were the stairs to the second floor: harnesses everywhere, boxes, tools, the anvil by the door, empty medicine bottles, the diamond shaped window that faced the road. I remember being in the sleigh, "exploring," when WAR's horses, two white horses and I think I can remember a brown horse, came thundering into the barn: the sound of their hoofs on the uneven and loose timbers on the floor created a rumbling thunderous sound as the larger-than-life terrifying beasts ran to their stalls. One day WSP came into the house and reported that WAR had been mowing and that one of the horses dropped dead in harness. What were the horses' names I wonder?

[10-20-1977, Russell Homestead]

SRP